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Two questions remain. Was D'Ablancourt's *Lucian* published in "three little volumes" before 1711, and if so did that edition include all four parts of the *True History*. The Catalogue of the British Museum has the following entry:

"Nouvelle édition . . . Corrige'e. 3 pt. Paris, 1674. 8vo. Grässe, "*Tresor des Livres Rares et Precieuses*," gives two others:
 "Amst. 1688 3 tom. in 12."
 "Amst. 1707 3 tom. in 12."

Of these editions, the last, printed in 1707, still would have been new volumes when Swift made his purchase in 1711; and hence this edition is, from every angle, most likely to have been the gift to Stella. This edition is in the New York Public Library; a full if not a complete translation of the works of Lucian,—and it includes all four parts of the *True History*.

When we read in the *Memoirs of Martinus Scribblerus* that the *Travels* were already outlined in Swift's mind as early as 1714, at least within three years of his purchase of the French *Lucian*, it seems very improbable that the resemblance should be a mere coincidence. Adding the parallels in D'Ablancourt's sequel to those contained in the *True History* itself, we are forced to the conclusion that we are in the presence, at last, of a very definite and a very considerable source for *Gulliver's Travels*.

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WILLIAM A. EDDY.

REVIEWS

French Literature of the Great War, by ALBERT SCHINZ, Professor of French Literature at Smith College. New York, Appleton, 1920. xiv + 433 pp.

The vast output of war literature in France is seen by us today in sufficient perspective to admit of a general survey. In France, the excellent bibliography of J. Vic, *La Littérature de la guerre* (Payot, 2 vols., 1918), is an invaluable guide, at least to the end of 1916, but it needs to be supplemented by synthetical works that classify and analyze tendencies and weigh historical, psychological, or aesthetic values. Mr. Schinz, in his desire to perform a like service for the American public, has given us a good, useful book.

His task was extremely arduous. He had to choose, sort, criticize. The field is immense, the quality of the material unequal, a standard for including or excluding a book difficult to determine: should it be literary merit, documentary value, moral or philosophical bearing? Doubtless in this choice personal preferences and reactions have a large share, but French readers, particularly the veterans of the war, are now almost unanimously for or against certain books. And I think that this public would accept with slight alteration the decisions of Mr. Schinz. All the works that I should like to find there, I find,—Lintier, Jean des Vignes Rouges, Le Goffic, Benjamin, Delvert, Gènevoix, Giraudoux, Duhamel, Dupont, Etévé, Rédier, Fribourg, the *Lettres d'un soldat*,—judiciously placed and in their true light. The criticisms are short, definite, fair: there are but few that I should question. Perhaps less indulgence might be shown toward certain names: the *Maurin des Maures* of J. Aicard (p. 31) would be astonished to see itself mentioned in the same line with Scapin or Gavroche; *Les Sauveurs du monde* of Vignaud seems less "remarkable" to me than to Mr. Schinz; *La Flamme victorieuse* of R. Gentry I find flat and ordinary; the declamatory lyricism of *Ceux de Verdun* by Péricard, often intolerable. These, however, are merely questions of personal taste. On the other hand, certain names are absent: if Barrès "during the first weeks of the war was a magnificent inspiration to the French people" (p. 11), should not Albert de Mun be mentioned also, whose articles, published in book form, *La Guerre de 1914* (1915), are fired with the same spirit? Together with the *Lettres d'un soldat*, I should name the admirable *Lettres de guerre* of Pierre-Maurice Masson. Lastly, certain authors are dealt with over-hastily: if Péricard is given six pages, *Les Derniers jours du Fort de Vaux* and *Les Captifs délivrés* of H. Bordeaux deserve more than two lines of foot-note; and I should have dwelt longer on the work of Capitaine Z***, *L'Armée de la guerre* and *L'Armée de 1917*, in my opinion, two of the most exact and powerful accounts that we possess of the conditions of the army in the field. But these slight objections do not detract from the value of the rich, well-chosen catalogue that Mr. Schinz offers us.

I admit that I have more serious reservations to make on the order and the plan adopted. Mr. Schinz divides the war production into three periods: "emotional reaction," "documentation,"

“philosophical considerations,”—and, in announcing this division, he immediately meets objections by recognizing that “no period produced one type of literature to the exclusion of all others.” This objection, however, is not sufficient to deter him from this method of classification, which he finds clear and “corresponding in a general way to what happened.” I believe that by this persistence Mr. Schinz has been of doubtful service to himself, and that he is under a slight illusion as to the agreement of this purely logical arrangement with the chronological succession of events. The reader feels that he is cramped by the framework he has built (see p. 230, for instance); he is obliged to take up in the “first period,” supposedly finished “about the spring of 1915,” works belonging to 1918 or even to April, 1919; to speak of books of 1915 in the “third period,”—and finally, to slice authors into two or three pieces whom he should have studied only in one place (e. g., Bertrand, pp. 42, 93, 101). Why not have followed the chronology of the war in its broad, clearly-marked periods: open warfare and the Marne, trench warfare, the renewal of open warfare, the victory? If it is true, as I think, that the three characteristics, of which Mr. Schinz makes three chronological moments, are actually to be found, they should be considered as three parallel currents, blending often with one another, whose proportion and importance vary at the different periods of the war,—or, if you will, as three increasing or decreasing series, whose respective size should be determined at the essential dates. The book, I believe, would thus give a more faithful image of literary life during the four years of struggle.

I come now to a few remarks on points of detail:

P. viii.—I do not agree that “literature in such circumstances is more than ever a luxury.” Literature was a source of action and of inspiration. It was also a means of “information,” a sort of connecting link between the combatants and the rear,—to which fact the first “war-books” owe their enormous success. It was, moreover, a noble and legitimate means of propaganda in foreign countries.

P. 18.—I should omit the adverb “unintentionally” in speaking of the *Manifesto of the Ninety-Three German Intellectuals*.

P. 33.—Mr. Schinz criticizes rather severely *Le Feu* of Barbusse. I should be still more severe. No one can deny its literary merits.

But at its date, the book was not only inexcusable, it gave an incorrect picture of the conditions at the front. Inexcusable, because it was a despairing book at the very time when the nation's energies needed galvanizing; an incorrect picture, because, however inhuman and infernal life in the trenches could be, it was not *always* inhuman and infernal. None of us could have stood it. There were quiet sectors, others that were intolerable. There were days when no rain fell, and when the sky was blue. There were also officers, and Barbusse ignores them,—another inexcusable action. Besides, to gauge the book, two facts are sufficient for me: the immense joy that hailed it in Germany; the alacrity with which it was published daily by American newspapers of pro-German leanings.

P. 71.—To the "prophecies concerning the war" add Jean d'Is, *A travers l'Allemagne*, 1913, whose opening pages disclose a seer.

P. 92.—"Joffre, Foch, and Castelnau are faithful Catholics." No; Joffre is a Protestant.

P. 102.—The *Lectures pour une ombre* of J. Giraudoux has been translated into English by E. S. Sargent in 1918, under the title *Campaigns and Intervals*.

P. 186.—I find Mr. Schinz's criticism of the French government's lack of foresight on the subject of submarine warfare unduly harsh. As much might be said of asphyxiating gas: in 1915, the problem was so gigantic that it could not be met at every point. The front had to be held at all costs; implements of war had to be improvised; heavy artillery, gas defense, had to be created; light machine guns manufactured; motor transportation, pursuit aviation, organized,—a thousand other things as well,—and this with the centre of industrial life invaded by the enemy, and all the men in the trenches. The government succeeded; and perhaps if at that moment it did no more for the navy, it was not through criminal neglect, but because of practical impossibility.

These objections to certain details ¹ diminish neither the pleasure

¹ The book deserves, and will have a second edition. Therefore, I point out here some mistakes or typographical errors, which are regrettably numerous. Certain titles are incorrect: read p. 7, *Proses de guerre*, and not *Prose*; p. 12, *L'Amitié des tranchées*, and not *Amitiés des tranchées*; p. 61, *Quatorze histoires de soldats*, and not *Histoire de quatorze soldats*; p. 70, Nolly, *Gens de guerre au Maroc*, and not *du Maroc*, published in 1912, not in 1913; p. 70, Psiohari, *Le Voyage du centurion*, and not *La Veillée du centurion*; p. 153, *Les Captifs délivrés*, and not *Les Prisonniers délivrés*;

nor the profit to be found in Mr. Schinz's book. He is indeed the first to attempt to disentangle a confused and complicated mass,

p. 160, *Le Bail*, *La Brigade de* (and not *des*) *Jean le Gouin* (p. 399, correct *Jean Gouin*); p. 202, Warnod, *Notes et croquis rapportés d'Allemagne*, and not *Notes et croquis de l'Allemagne*, published in 1915, and not in 1916; p. 205, *Le Martyre de Lens*, and not *Les Martyrs de Lens*; p. 317, Porché, *L'Arrêt sur la Marne* and not *de la Marne*; p. 364, Lichtenberger, *Juste Lobel alsacien*, and not *Valsacien* published in 1911, not in 1913; p. 379, Poulbot, *Des gosses et des bonhommes*, and not *Gosses et bonshommes*.—Certain names are misspelled: p. 35: *Eckenfelder*, not *Elkenfelder*; p. 70, *Détanger*, not *d'Etanger*; p. 102, *du Fresnois*, not *Dufresnois*; p. 124, *Jules Romains*, not *Romain*; p. 161, l'amiral *Ronarc'h*, not *Rornarch*; p. 164, *Roux-Parassac*, not *Parnasse*; p. 216, lieutenant *Niox*, not *Niod*; p. 225, *Maurice Talmeyr*, not *Talmayre*, 1918, not 1919; p. 245, *von Bernhardi* and not *Bernardi*; p. 295, *Champsaur*, not *Chamsaur*; p. 302, *Delarue-Mardrus*, not *Madrus*; p. 377, *Derennes*, not *Derenne*; p. 411, *Ouy-Vernazobres*, not *Vernazobos*.—Certain mistakes of various sorts: p. 11, *Barrès* is not younger than *Maeterlinck*: they were born in the same year, 1862; p. 16, n. 2, *Hervé* published *Leur patrie* in 1910, not in 1915; p. 28, surely we should read *less exact*, and not *more exact*; p. 65, *Grandeur et servitude militaires* was published in 1835, not in 1836; p. 71, read *Sainte-Marie-aux-Mines*, not *des Mines*; p. 96, note 37, read *1^{re} Chasseurs*, not *II^e Chasseurs*; p. 114, *pupils*, not *pupis*; p. 115, *Croire*, by *Fribourg*, is slightly posterior to *La Flamme au poing*, by *Malherbe*; p. 125, a strange inadvertence: "*a château not far from the front, in Artois, near Rheims*"; another, p. 147: "*le Mort-Homme (in the Vosges)*", instead of "*north of Verdun*"; p. 149, I do not understand the "*dying foot*" found in a boot long abandoned in a trench; p. 165, *sergent-fourrier* should be translated by *supply sergeant*, not *quartermaster*; p. 177, "*starting as an escort dragoon, he soon was made a 2nd class cavalryman*"; it is just the contrary: "*starting as a 2nd class cavalryman, he was given the duty of escort dragoon*"; p. 190, why give the title of *I. Rimbaud's* book half in French, half in English?; p. 193, *deputy mayor* signifies *acting mayor* and not *deputy and mayor*, which is the fact; p. 207, I should translate *La Fayette*, *we are here* by "*nous voici*," and not "*nous voilà*"; p. 237, *espionnage*, not *espionage*; p. 282, *Victor Cambon* is an "*ingénieur des arts et manufactures*," here he is confused with the two *Cambon* brothers, the diplomats; p. 312, read *Pithécanthrope*; p. 314, *Paul Fort's* lines are cut in an unacceptable fashion; p. 321, correct *Infanterie*; p. 329, *Bertrandou*, not *Bertrandoux*; p. 348-394, why write *Reims*, and another time, *Rheims*?; p. 360, *Marseille*, not *Marseilles*; p. 361, *carrosse*, not *carosse*; p. 371, *premier prix du Conservatoire*, not *de Conservatoire*; p. 385, *Lamartine's Méditations* came out in 1820, not in 1819.

The *Index* leaves much to be desired. For instance, correct p. 415, *Adjuvant*, for *Adjutant*; p. 416, *Assomoir*, for *Assommoir*; p. 417, *Marseilles*;

and others, who perhaps will criticize his work, will begin by using it. Through analyzing and judging, he thinks and makes others think. To the literature of the war, to which he is our guide, he adds one more good book.

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La Galerie du Palais, comédie par Pierre Corneille, edited by T. B. Rudmose-Brown. Manchester, University Press; London, Longmans, Green, 1920. iii + 126 pp. (Modern Language Texts).

While American publishers are competing with one another in printing new editions of often edited texts, it is refreshing to find an English firm turning to a new field, that of Corneille's early comedies. Professor T. B. Rudmose-Brown of Trinity College, Dublin, has brought out a careful and tasteful edition of the *Galerie du Palais* which will, I hope, have enough success to encourage the editing of more of these pleasant plays. In his introduction he has used to advantage the work of Marsan, Toldo, Rigal, Lintilhac, and other scholars. He points out clearly how Corneille's comedies developed out of pastoral plays, in what their originality consists, and what are their relations to various literary phenomena of the period, especially *préciosité*, the unities, the use of a realistic background. The text is carefully reproduced according to the edition of 1682. Variants and stage directions are added from the edition of 1657, which was unknown to Marty-Laveaux. The notes are ample and sound. Indeed, both in introduction and notes Professor R.-B. strikes a happy mean between discursive editions and those that are too closely trimmed.

p. 418, *J. Champenois*, for *G. Champenois*; p. 420, the name Jean Denis is followed by no reference; p. 422, read *Fusiliers*, not *Fusilliers*; *R. de Gourmont*, and not *Gourmond*; p. 423, *Gus Bofa* should be under *Bofa*, not under *Gus*; p. 424, read *Kistemaeckers*, not *Kistemaecker*; p. 428, in the reference *Orage, G.*, it is hard to recognize *L'Orage sur le jardin de Candide*.

Finally, some errors in quotations from poetry; p. 306, Rostand's line is: "*comme une Marseillaise étrange des abeilles*," not *aux abeilles*; *encor*, not *encore*, to rhyme with *d'or*; p. 307, Verlaine wrote: "*Sans rien en lui qui pèse ou qui pose*." And why a blank space cutting each Alexandrine at the hemistich?